WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER. • INDIANA

SYMPATHY.

As out into the night we stepped,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars that hitherto had slept
Unseen looked gayly down;

And the pale moon threw off the cloud
Within whose folds her light was lost,
Awakened by the whisperings loud
That thrilled the starry host.

For they, their sister, she, her child
Behold in thee, O radiant maid,
Than whom a fairer star ne'er smiled
In Heaven, then earthward strayed!

But when I mark the deep unrest
That lurks within thy lustrous eyes,
I question if that choice was best
Which led thee from the skies;

For there thy steadfast sisters dwell,
Forever bright and strong and free,
Unmoved though tempests rise and swell,
Calm as eternity;

Whilst thou—who chose another part,
And all that glittering state resigned
To wear on earth a woman's heart
And sympathetic mind—

Must suffer not those ills alone
That even selfish natures bear,
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share;

Thy neighbor's grief is thine no less
Than hers; the sufferer turns to thee,
And solace in his deep distress
Draws from thy sympathy.

Thus others' burdens lighter grow
Whilst thine are doubled. Ay, but He
Who set the stars in heaven doth know
What thy reward shall be!

—*Century.*

BACK TO LIFE.

The Sleep and Waking of a Troubled Bride.

The blue waters of the Shepscot rippled and flashed in the July sunshine as it swept on, winding in and out among the scattered islands till it reached the broader expanse beyond. On one of these islands and hardly a stone's throw from the river, stood an old square house. It faced the water and looked toward the landing at the further end of the island across the river, where no work of man's hand as yet broke in on its wild beauty. The old house had been thought a handsome mansion in its day. That was more than a hundred years ago, but it was good still, for its oaken timbers had so far defied the "tooth of time" and its capacious chimneys still gave one a glimpse of the sky if he chanced to look up. The square "forerooms" at the left of the front entrance yet gave some hint of its old-time splendor; a cornice not altogether devoid of artistic finish ran around the ceiling, and the dull blue paint of its wood work was yet in a good state of preservation.

The room opposite this was in more common use, but the long kitchen opening from both was the usual winter living room of the family. On this July afternoon a light breeze, carrying with it the breath of the old-fashioned flowers outside, came in through the open doorway at one end, swept across the kitchen to the little bedroom at the other end, and through the open window wandered off over the fish lakes that stretched down the slope to the fish and boat houses near the water. But as the afternoon wore on the sky darkened, distant thunders sounded warningly now and then, till with the twilight the breeze, grown to a sudden gale, dashed the large rain drops against the windows of the old house which Mrs. Marlow was hurrying to close.

"Wall, I declare, father," she said, coming down-stairs quite out of breath, "how it does rain! Who'd thought it when 'twas so pleasant this afternoon?"

Captain Marlow rubbed the bald spot on his head reflectively as he returned: "Does pour, that's a fact;" then he added: "I wonder if Eben got his hay in. There he is now!" he exclaimed a few minutes later, as a rumbling sound was heard between the peals of thunder. "He's just comin' over the big rock. Sho! he must be as wet as a drowned rat, and his hay, too!"

Eben represented the Marlow's nearest neighbor, whose home was but a few rods from theirs. A little later a blinding flash, accompanied by a crash of thunder heavier than any preceding, caused Mrs. Marlow to start up from her chair. "Mercy!" she exclaimed. "I pity any poor creature that has to be out in this." The woman's benevolent face grew grave and she sat silent. Her thoughts had gone to her boy—boy he was still to her, though the bearded captain of the Highflyer had long since outgrown the name from others. He was beyond the reach of this storm, but whatever else might have befallen him who could tell?

"Yes," said Captain Marlow, in response to his wife's remarks, "I dunno when we've had such a storm since the time Cap'n Jim's barn was struck, eight—ten—yes, ten years ago this very month; you recollect it, don't you?"

"To be sure I do."

The storm continued with little abatement. Just as one peal of thunder died away an indistinct sound reached the ears of the two people in the long kitchen. They regarded each other questioningly for a moment, then there was a rattle of the door latch. Some one outside was groping for it in the darkness.

The man started up, and going to the door, threw it wide open to the storm, but he stepped back as he did so, for there on the door-stone stood a figure strange to him. The next moment his hospitality overcame every other feeling, and reaching out, he said: "Whoever ye are, come in."

Mrs. Marlow was by his side and gazing in amazement at the slight, white-robed figure. It was a young girl they had never seen before. There was a frightened, appealing look in the brown eyes. The wind and rain had beaten upon her head till the dark, curling hair was drenched and clinging about her neck. Mrs. Marlow's motherly arms stretched out instinctively. "Poor child!" she said, drawing her into the room; "why, father, she is wet through and through."

It was quite true; the water dripped from the dainty, white dress and made little pools upon the floor. She wore no wrap of any kind. As yet she had not spoken, but stood looking wonderingly about the room.

"Where did you come from? Are you alone?" Mrs. Marlow asked, and the girl answered with a shudder: "Yes, I'm alone."

"Dear, dear, poor child! Let me get you something warm."

Captain Marlow set about making a fire in the cook-stove while his wife took the stranger into the little bedroom. "You're all beat out," the good woman said, pityingly, "you'd better go right to bed." The girl made no remonstrance, but submitted quite passively to whatever was proposed. She took the warm drink Mrs. Marlow brought her, and then the woman went back to the warm kitchen and said: "I declare, father, the poor thing's completely beat out; she's asleep already."

"Sho!" was the response. "Who is she, think?"

The storm was forgotten while the good people talked over this strange young creature who had so unexpectedly come to them. Some half an hour later the woman went in to see that she was still sleeping, but when she came back there was a troubled look on her face.

"She's asleep yet," she said, "but she's restless, and her head and hands are as hot as fire."

She stayed with her through the night, and early the next morning the captain unmoored his boat and started off down the river for the nearest doctor.

Anxious days followed, while the stranger tossed in the delirium of fever, and Mrs. Marlow cared for her as tenderly as if she had been her own. "Poor child," she said, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke, "it makes my heart ache to think she is away from all she loves."

There was no clue to the girl's former life, no one on the island knew any thing about her, and all inquiries otherwise brought no knowledge. Mrs. Marlow searched the girl's clothing, but only one word was found, and one day she slipped a ring off from the wasted hand and looked for some inscription; there was only the word she had found before, the name Kathleen. The sufferer spoke often, but though Mrs. Marlow strove to catch any words that might lead to a discovery of who she was, there was but little that was intelligible. Sometimes she seemed to be wandering through some wood, and said that the pine needles made a soft carpet; at others she fancied herself on the water, and would say she was tired rowing against the stream. Once or twice she spoke the name of Everett, but that was all.

"Poor child!" signed the good woman, "when she gets well she will tell us, and we will take her home."

But there were days when it seemed that there was little reason to expect her recovery, yet the crisis passed and she still lived. Very white and weak she was, her brown eyes looking unnaturally large, then a faint color came into the face that grew rounder every day. Mrs. Marlow forbore asking any questions as yet, though she wondered a little that Kathleen asked her none, but she was growing stronger; she would speak by and by. Yes, she was growing stronger, still the doctor looked grave and continued his visits after she was able to walk about.

"Do you think there's any danger of a relapse?" Mrs. Marlow asked one day.

He was silent a moment, then he returned: "No, it is not that I fear. Mrs. Marlow, have you noticed any thing strange about her? Does she ever speak of herself?"

"No," the woman answered. "I have tried to bring her to it without asking too much, but she says nothing about it."

"I have questioned her some," Dr. Harris said, slowly, "but, Mrs. Marlow, I think her past life is as much a blank to her as it is to you or me."

"Oh, doctor!" the woman exclaimed, with a pained look. "Don't you think she will ever remember it?"

The doctor shook his head. "We can't tell; we can only wait," he said.

But as time went on there was no change. She answered to the name of Kathleen, and called Captain and Mrs. Marlow, father and mother, as she heard them call each other. She seemed quite happy roaming about the island, only when any mention was made of going on the water a troubled look came into her face. "No," she always said, "I would rather not," so they did not urge her. She was hardly twenty, Mrs. Marlow thought, of a slight, lithe figure, and as carelessly graceful as a child. Her complexion was of a creamy, almost transparent whiteness, the crimson showing only in her cheeks and lips. One day Mrs. Marlow brought out the white dress she had worn when she came to them. "When did you wear this last?" she asked.

There was for a moment a startled look in the brown eyes, then the girl said, slowly: "I—can't remember."

"Didn't it rain?" the woman went on.

Kathleen passed her hand over her forehead before she returned, hesitatingly: "Yes, I think it rained, but—I can't remember."

Mrs. Marlow put the dress away with a sigh; it was of no use.

The fall, winter and early spring passed uneventfully away, then there came a time when the old house was in an unusual state of commotion and expectancy. Captain Marlow's son Robert was coming home. He would be here soon now; he had been in South America, and it was more than a year ago that he had gone away. Mrs. Marlow speculated as to how his coming would affect Kathleen who seemed as joyfully eager to prepare for him as did she herself. But when he came the broad-shouldered captain of the Highflyer was far more affected than was Kathleen.

"We are so glad to have you home," she said, looking up frankly into his face; then, turning to Mrs. Marlow, she added: "there will be some merry times now Robert has come."

The young man gave his mother a questioning look. Who was this stranger who spoke to him with the quiet familiarity of a lifelong acquaintance? After Kathleen left the room his mother told him all they knew of her.

It was Robert who first induced her to step into a boat. She seemed ashamed of her fears, but her face was very pale as they took the first sail down the river together. As the time went on she grew accustomed to the water and came to enjoy it. Many were the sails the two took during the long summer afternoons. On one of these, as they rowed slowly along toward a cove bordering the farther side of the island, Robert said, looking off to the wooded island beyond, with their green branches reflected in the Shepscot's clear waters: "How still it is! we might fancy ourselves the only people anywhere about."

He let the oars rest, and the boat drifted slowly; the lapping of the waves was the only sound.

"Yes," Kathleen returned, "I was foolish not to like the water."

"You like it now?"

"When I am with you." The words came quietly, and she did not look up, but sat as before, with one hand over the boat's side, just touching the water.

The young man leaned suddenly toward her. "Kathleen," he said "stay with me always. Come with me over the water where I am going. I want you—need you—can't you love me enough?"

The girl looked up at him with the wondering look of a child. "Love you?" she said, "of course; are you not my brother?"

"No. I don't want a sister's love. I want a wife's."

The bright color that had been in the girl's face until now died suddenly out; a startled look came into the brown eyes looking up at him. "Oh, Robert, I can't, I can't!"

He started more at her voice than her words, and asked, quickly: "Why can't you?"

For a moment she seemed struggling with herself, then, with a despairing face, she cried: "I don't know; I can't remember."

A few weeks later they were making a call on some friends of Robert's on a neighboring island. An open piano stood near where Kathleen was seated, and as they were to go, she went to it and struck a few notes. The others turned in surprise; they did not know she played; but, without heeding them, she seated herself, and, after a few uncertain touches, her fingers flew lightly over the keys, bringing out such melody as its owner had never known how to awaken. Robert and his friends stood amazed as one after another the selections followed each other in rapid succession. Suddenly the girl paused, bowed her head on her hands and sobbed aloud.

After a few moments Robert went up to her. "Come, Kathleen," he said, gently, "let us go home, now."

She looked up at him as though she had never seen him before. "Home?" she said, "who are you?" then the strange look went out of her face, she put out her hand, with a light laugh: "Yes, Robert, I'm ready," she said.

Something like a week after this a stranger came across the big rock and made his way to the side door of the old Marlow House. A young man with clear-cut features and an unmistakably well-bred air, there was an eager look in the steel-blue eyes, and a suppressed excitement in his manner when he asked the gray-haired woman at the door if she was Mrs. Marlow. He introduced himself by a card on which was the name Everett Moulton. Then he entered and made known his call.

Kathleen came into the next room while he was speaking. She heard the voice and paused, a troubled look coming into her face, then she went nearer and stood in the doorway. The young man turned and saw her as she started toward him with a new light breaking into her face. "Everett," she said, softly, "have you come for me?"

"Yes, Kathleen."

And Mrs. Marlow, with tears in her eyes, went out and left them alone.

Ere long the story became known. A little more than a year back Kathleen Bray, the daughter of a man of supposed wealth, found herself upon his death left penniless and alone. She accepted for the summer the position of pianist at a popular hotel, where she met Everett Moulton. The acquaintance grew into something more than friendship, but the Moultons were a proud family and would not hear to the only son's marrying a poor girl like Kathleen. She was treated coldly, unfeelingly by them, till her sensitive nature was stung almost beyond endurance, and late one afternoon, hardly thinking or caring where she went, she entered a boat moored near the shore and rowed it aimlessly up the river; the storm came on, and weary, bewildered, ill, she found her way at length to the old Marlow homestead. The boat was found down the river afterward with a light wrap in it recognized as hers. The Moultons thought she had taken herself discreetly away, and Everett mourned her as lost, until a friend wrote to him of hearing music strangely like what Kathleen had played on one of the Boothbay Islands. He had made inquiries which resulted in Everett's calling on the Marlows.

With Kathleen he went to Chipmunk Island, and on the scene of her happiness and misery the meaning of it all came back to her and was never lost again.

That fall, when Robert Marlow sailed from Boston harbor, Kathleen and her husband came down to the wharf to see him off. He found little to say as he grasped their hands in his farewell, but Kathleen, glancing up with a kindly smile, said: "However long you may be away, be sure we shall not forget you."—*Cottage Hearth.*

—It is said that a French painter one day visited the Salon in Paris, in company with a friend who was a member of the Committee of Selection, and who had been instrumental in procuring the acceptance of the painter's work. When the artist came near his picture, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! you're exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!" "Hush!" was the reply; "the committee refused it the other way."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Talmage has preached thirty years and has lost but one day, and that through sickness twenty-four years ago.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Representative Symes, of Colorado, has such a heavy voice that he is known among the Indians of his district as Talking Thunder.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—An English dramatic critic, writing of Irving as Mephistopheles and Miss Terry as Marguerite, says that the latter's face is as full of heaven as the former's is of the other place.

—In the death of Mr. Edwin P. Whipple Boston loses a truly original man, and one whose most brilliant side never shone in his writings. He could never pen down in black and white those flashes of wit which corruscated in his conversation and made a half an hour with him an epoch of exhilaration.—*Boston Beacon.*

—Mrs. Mary B. Willard, of Evanston, Ill., and late editor of the *Union-Signal*, the organ at Chicago of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is now residing in Berlin, Germany, where she has opened a home-school for American young ladies for instruction in the German and French languages, art, literature, music, etc.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A correspondent of a Boston paper asked for a selection of ten choice books and received the following reply: First on the list the Bible, then Shakespeare, Longfellow's poems, Tennyson's poems, "The Language and Poetry of Flowers," "Daring Deeds of the Blue and the Gray," the works of William Carleton, "Don Quixote," "The World of Ice," "The Dead Alive."

—Frank Mayo, the actor, who has made fame and fortune as Davy Crockett, has a most extraordinary aversion to the play, and declares that he will not appear in it again, unless compelled by poverty to do so. Mr. Mayo wants to be a tragedian, and is, indeed, an excellent actor, but the critics always insist that his Hamlet and Othello talk like Davy, hence his disgust.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A reporter fresh from England was recently assigned by the city editor of a Boston paper to report a lecture. This is the way he "fixed" a quotation from Tom Moore: "The reverend gentleman announced it as his opinion that the world is in the nature of a fleeting show, given for the delusion of man, and proceeded to remark further that the smiles of joy, as well as the tears of woe, shine deceitfully in the one case and flow deceitfully in the other. There is, he said, nothing true but Heaven."

—Dr. Munford, proprietor of the Kansas City *Times*, who was shot in a street-car and badly wounded the other day by an infuriated lawyer, has had some experience in the same line. He entered the Confederate army when a youth, and in one of the battles of the Southwest was terribly wounded. For years he was no better than a living skeleton, but good nursing and surgery saved him, and he finally took up journalism in Kansas City. He bought the *Times* when it was in a bad way financially, and he has built it up to a profitable property.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—"Pa," said a five-year old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not, my son," answered the father, "but it might if it were taut."—*Texas Figaro.*

—A young actress writes her name "Katharyne Kynder." Thys looks kind o' queer; but yt ys nobody's business yf she lykes yt that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A wag seeing a heavy door off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

—An experienced housewife in a long article tells "how to save your dishes from being broken." It is unnecessary. All you have to do is to put them away and eat off tin dishes.

—"Pa, what does hobby mean?" "Stylish, my dear." "Well, then, pa, your nose must be very stylish, for grandma says you have got the knobbiest nose in town."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I feel like mother earth," said a defeated candidate to a friend the morning after the election. "How is that?" asked his friend. "I have been flattened at the polls," was the reply.

—In the midst of an stormy discussion, at which Douglass Jerrold was present, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold; "that is precisely what you do want."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The said doctor is said to have vainly paid his addresses to a lady who preferred to marry a Mr. Quincy. "So," said he, on subsequently meeting her, "it seems you prefer a sore throat to Byles." "Indeed I do," was her answer, "for, if there had been any thing worse than biles, surely the Lord would have troubled Job with 'em."—*Boston Post.*

—Small boy (who has been reading "The Demon Plumber, or the Boy Clown")—"You have walloped me, father, but I swear to you that ere another moon has waned, I will wreak a fearful vengeance on all your accursed tribe. Ha, ha! The boy clown defies you." (And so saying he skips out of the woodshed and climbs over the fence.)—*Chicago Rambler.*

—"I see," said Mrs. Follinsbee, looking from her paper the other evening, "that they say Modjeska has a lot of perfect sticks supporting her this season." "That is entirely appropriate," replied the Colonel, with a diabolical grin. "How is that?" "Why, she is a Pole herself, you know." Mrs. Follinsbee was so indignant that she didn't speak to him for all the evening.—*The Comet.*

—A lady stood patiently before a receiving cashier's window in a bank, the other day, but no one took notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass. "Why don't you pay attention to me?" she asked, petulently. "I'm sorry, ma'am; but we don't pay any thing here. Next window, please," was the polite response.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

DOLLIE'S SAD FATE.

I had long golden tresses, and true little dresses,
And eyes that were brilliant and blue;
I had neat little feet, and a figure complete;
But my charms now, alas, are but few.
I've been thrashed, I've been battered, my
name has been shattered;
My smile has been turned to a leer;
I've often been sat on, I've tempted the cat on
To carry me off by the ear!

The moments I treasure, when beaming with
pleasure,
My mistress turns kindly to me,
And, as proud her blue ie, I'm covered with
kisses,
She hugs me and chatters with glee.
But when she's enraged, she's ultimes engaged
In boxing my ears in her frenzy;
My form, once so bloomy, is now pale and
gloomy;
She's knocked all the pink off my cheek.

Apart from this chidings, she's always confiding
Her joys and her sorrows to me;
She brings brother Bonnie and sweet cousin
Joanna
Her dear little Dollie to see:
The boys one will play with and oft run away
with;
Between them I'm wrecked more and more;
I'm tumbled and tossed, and I'm left and I'm
lost,
And my stuffing runs over the floor!

Of late I'm neglected, ill-used and dejected;
My mistress has some other craze:
I'm left to the mercy of wee brother Percy,
Who's rapidly ending my days.
Such dashings and thrashings and crashings
and smashings
I get every day for no wrong!
My clothes are all ragged, my limbs loose and
jagged;
They'll tear me apart before long.

—*Hugh Mollie, in N. Y. Independent.*

BUTTERCUP.

She Visits and Causes a Disturbance in the Sunday-School.

It was a pretty church, and all about it were fields of daisies, and sweet-smelling clover. Now when Buttercup went to this church, she did not go to the regular service, but to Sunday-school. Buttercup was a large, yellow cow, who belonged in a field next to the church, in which she ought to have staid. There was plenty of nice grass there for her breakfast, dinner and supper. But Buttercup, like a good many people, wanted a change, and when she saw all the boys and girls going into the church door, she thought she would like to go. She tried all the rails of the fence till she found one that was loose. Then she jerked her head up and down, till she unfastened it so she could crawl through on her knees.

The Sunday-school had begun by this time, but Buttercup did not mind that. She walked into the church quietly, and as the children and their teachers were all singing, no one noticed her at first. The children were sitting in the pews nearest the chancel, so Buttercup got half way up the aisle before any one saw her. Then one little boy turned his head. He was so frightened his hymnal fell on the floor; and he cried out: "Oh, see the cow!" Then it seemed as if every body screamed. One of the teachers got on top of the little cabinet organ, and two or three stood up on the seats.

Buttercup, however, paid no attention to them. She saw a nice red apple sticking out of a boy's pocket, and she thought she would like to have it. The boy, who was Jack Nicholls, did not know what she wanted, so when she came near he jumped over into the next pew and knocked little Daisy Finlay's hat off, and that made Daisy cry.

What Buttercup would have done next I don't know; so many people cried: "Shoo!" and there was so much noise, she might have got frightened herself, and a frightened cow can do a great deal of damage in a church; but Miss Lloyd, who was the superintendent, called to every one to be quiet. Then two or three of the bigger boys said if they had a stick they thought they could get her out. But Miss Lloyd spoke again:

"If there is any boy here whom the cow knows," she said, "I think she would follow him out, and that would be better than trying to drive her."

"She's my grandfather's cow," said Bruce Smith, "and I guess she will follow me." So he went in front of her and called "Buttercup, Buttercup!" and, sure enough, she went after him.

Now the vestry door was open, and just opposite that was another door opening out on the grass. As soon as Buttercup caught sight of the nice grass, she ran out and began to nibble the fresh bits around the doorstep. Then, as much as to say "good-bye," she kicked up her feet, tossed her head and trotted off to her own field.—*Little Men and Women.*

A SAD FATE.

What Finally Became of a Once Stylishly-Dressed and Aristocratic Doll.

Cleopatra lay in the folds of the lace curtain where Topsy had dropped her after a good run through the house. She was very much shaken, and glad of the quiet and the company of the aristocratic Japanese lady and gentleman on the side of the vase. She began talking at once.

"Well, I know I can not stand this. Just look at me! I'm a disgrace. You would not believe what a beauty I was at Christmas. My hair hung in long yellow curls, my eyes opened and closed, my cheeks were like pink roses. I had on a lovely blue silk dress, with a lace overskirt and a broad-brimmed hat. Now look at me! My hair, what little there is left of it, is a horrid tangle; my eyes are great staring glass balls, all scratched up; one arm is gone, one foot is broken, both shoes are lost, and so is my hat. Every body used to say: 'What a lovely doll!' Now I always hear: 'Ugh! take that maimed and dirty doll out of my sight.' Or: 'Say Midget'—that's the name of the little girl that owns me—'would you not better send that cripple to the hospital?' It's dreadful. If I did not think that it would make me look worse, I'd cry."

The Japanese lady and gentleman on the flower vase made no answer to this last remark, but they each thought that it was impossible for Cleopatra to look worse than she did.

The maid came in just then, and shoved aside the curtains to open the window before she began the weekly sweeping.

"As sure as I'm alive, here's that baste of a doll. I wish it was burnt. It's enough to give a body bad dhramas to look at it."

"Do you know, Molly, that Miss Midget niver cared for that doll as she did for the little one with the china head and calico dress?" said the footman.

"Do you not know why? Shure, its because it was so dressed up there was no comfort in playing with it. She tould them she'd muss her up so that the mistress would not keep tellin' her to be careful."

"Molly, Molly, have you seen Cleopatra?" said Midget, dancing into the room, with a very plain and quiet-looking doll, with a china head, on her arm.

"Here she is, miss," said Molly, picking Cleopatra from the floor.

"I do not want her any more, Molly. She looks unpleasant. You may put her in the ash-barrel."

"I will be glad to, miss. I do not think ye loved her very much, ever, miss."

"No, not as much I do Comfort," and she hugged the doll in her arms closer to her. "When Cleopatra was new she was so stiff and so dressed up that she never made any fun. And then, when she got mussed over so little, she looked old and homely. Mamma says she did not wear well. Please put her in the ash-barrel, Molly."

"To think of my being thrown aside for a doll with a china face, and who wears a calico dress! Of course I was stiff. She could not expect so fine a doll as me to be any thing but dignified—she said stiff. She wears a gingham dress sometimes herself, and I never should have belonged to such a family. How elegant I looked in the show-case and the other dolls appreciated me. An ash barrel, indeed! Some passer-by will recognize my true elegance, and rescue me," were the last words heard by the Japanese lady and gentleman as Molly carried Cleopatra off.

"Hie there, Billy! Do ye mind the scarecrow," and a bootblack took Cleopatra by her torn skirt out of the barrel. "D'ye want her for yer little sister?"

"Naw! She got a clean, whole one."

"But her's rag doll, Billy."

"I know it. But isn't a clean, whole rag doll, with the loveliest smile on its face, better'n that one with the ugly scowl between its eyes, and a dirty silk dress?"

And Cleopatra was dropped into the barrel, where she lay until an Italian rag-picker tore off her silk dress and put the pieces in his pocket for his little girl, and ripped open the body, shook out the sawdust and put it in his bag. That was the last of Cleopatra.—*Christian Union.*

A BOY'S BRAVERY.

How a Plucky Lad Saved Northern India to the British Crown.

Do the lads of this generation disclaim that poetical tribute to youthful heroism which extols the boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled"? When we were boys there was scarcely a "declamation day" on which we did not hear it recited. It may be that the years since then have been so freighted with examples of boyish heroism that no boy now cares for "Casabianca."

One of these later, and, to our thinking, more attractive examples of youthful heroism occurred at the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Just before the awful storm broke, the system of electric telegraphs had been extended over the surface of British India. The mutineers rushed to Delhi to seize upon the old hereditary seat of the Mohammedan empire, and began cutting the throats of Europeans. While the rattle of cannon and musketry was rolling around the telegraph office, a little English boy, moved by a sense of duty, stuck to his post until he had telegraphed to the Commissioner at Lahore. The message announced that the mutineers had arrived at Delhi, and had murdered this civilian and that officer, and wound up with these significant but childlike words: "We're off!"

The boy's courage and sense of duty saved the Punjab. As soon as the telegram reached Lahore, the General in command of the Sepoys disarmed them. When they learned of the rising at Delhi, they were powerless to do any injury. The General flashed the awful news to Peshawur. The Hindoostanee regiments there were also disarmed, and, though mutineers at heart, were rendered incapable of harm. Then the telegraph was cut by the rebels—but the boy at Delhi had saved Northern India to the British crown. The officer in charge had been killed, but that brave lad staid long enough at the instrument to dispatch the warning.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Clever Pony.

The following story is told of a pony:

"The master, a clergyman residing in a lonely neighborhood, was going with the pony, a retriever, and a Dachshund, while obeying a call to visit a sick parishioner in the night, past a shepherd's cottage where a fierce dog was kept. This dog, having got loose, made an attack on the party, trying the retriever first and then the Dachshund. The pony became frightened, and the master dismounted, when the dog turned upon him. The affair became very serious for the clergyman; the Dachshund had been put out of the combat, the retriever had hid behind the hedge, and he had to keep up the fight alone, with no other weapon than a riding-whip. Then he heard a scampering, and the next moment the faithful pony rushed up and darted so suddenly between the combatants that the dog turned tail and fled, evidently thinking the pony to be a larger and dangerous edition of himself. The gallant little fellow pursued the cur until he was fairly chased back to the cottage door. Then he returned, quite docile, to his master, and the friendly quartette were able to continue their way in peace and safety once more.'"